The thicker the wad, the bigger the wonk....

They loved nothing better than typing rejection memoranda in heavy blackletter. COMRADE: Having carefully scrutinized every detail of your nauseating repertory, words fail us. We simply cannot adequately express how deeply we revile everything about you, but especially your disgusting perverted desires and your perfect indifference toward the objects of the same, manifested by total uninhibited antisocial indecency not to mention bad hygiene and an ineluctable air of dirty feet and ass about you. Nonetheless, after a wasted lifetime of inveterate insolvency, schizoid withdrawal, and occupational wandering, you're SWELL!

Five years later at the GRINDHOUSE, he still hadn't seen a MOGHUL (with hospital privileges)....

For his first audition Johnny was interrogated by an amateur film-buff in a cocktail dress. She didn't know what she was doing. She didn't know she didn't know.

The audition became an interrogation once he identified as GAY. The student became obsessed about his sex life - he didn't have one!

When Johnny wondered why, the student implied that dangerous promiscuity went with the [gay] POPULATION. Johnny thought it went with chicks in cocktail dresses PLAYING DIRECTOR.

He said he hadn't FUCKED ANY STARS, not EVER! - to his intense chagrin, at times. Maybe a hand-job, or two back in the 80s.... Last century.... Not Fatty Arbuckle.... Flubber....

He wondered how, when nobody even knew who was gay or not, anyone could make generalizations. They weren't EVIDENCE BASED.. They weren't even POST MODERN!

His MEDICAL HOSTESS didn't understand. Stricken with aporia, she sent him for blood-work. Out on the STREET, when he looked at the sheaf of forms she'd shoved into his hand, he saw the AIDS TEST. She'd checked sex with men - LIAR! Or - more likely - she thought he was.

Fortunately the moonlighting ticket-taker he bitched to at the wicket in the lobby behind the barbed wire and bomb-proof glass of the GRINDHOUSE was a worse flamer than himself, so was sympathetic - and looking for a part. He referred Johnny's complaint to the Manager - who immediately phoned him back to explain that they NEVER/EVER automatically screened FAGGOTS for AIDS - although they'd LOVE to SCREEN EVERYBODY, it would make the world so much SAFER, after it was typecast.

She gave Johnny a new producer. Johnny asked if he was an experienced hand. She burst into uncontrollable GUFFAWS of cruel and boozy LAUGHTER.

The new producer considerately offered to show Johnny how to use a safe. He also offered to clean his ears, two Educational Videos curiously associated in his mind.

He bungled the ear-cleaning movie, so Johnny never took him up on his second offer. Then he lectured Johnny on not giving up even if he was an elderly pauper fag living on Welfare in Porkdale - he had to fight on! He had a degree! He could still get TENURE! Be a STAR!

Johnny GAVE UP on PRODUCERS, and decided to try a DIRECTOR for a change. He chose TRIXIE B. CAVELL. She was a Big Director at Yukka Flats Soup Kitchen and Poverty Row Entertainment Centre.

Her favorite question was, hey! you suicidal or what? Hoping he'd answer in the affirmative so she could call the pigs. She always figured Johnny was a danger to himself and others. He could off himself any time he wanted, the sooner the better. It was the others